

FINE ARTS

A CANADIAN ARTIST IN ENGLAND.—Miss Norah B. Clench has been winning golden opinions in England. A recent number of the *Oxford Magazine* says: "The audience were highly delighted, and most justly, with the performance of the Kreutzer Sonata by Miss Clench and Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Miss Clench is by birth a Canadian, and an honour to her country; her tone is sweet and accurate, and her style strong and entirely free from affectation. It was a treat beyond words to listen to the delicate execution of both violin and piano in the andante and variations."

ANTIQUÉ BRONZES.—Now Ristori simply leads the life of a great society lady—she has wealth, a number of palaces in Rome, servants in livery, carriages, and every luxury that appertains to her high position. When Mary Anderson was in Rome Ristori was very kind to her, and frankly admired her as a fresh, sweet young girl. She never saw her playing. Perhaps she divined she should not, for she is rather jealous of new rivals, even though she herself is retired from the stage. She detests Bernhardt. Some time ago, while excavating the cellar of one of her palaces, a fine collection of antique bronzes was discovered. Strangely enough, most of them were of dramatic subjects. They are now in the art gallery.—*European Letter*.

VALUABLE PICTURES.—The recent sale of Millet's "Angelus" for £22,120 recalls other examples where large sums have been paid for works of art. The amount paid for the "Angelus" was the largest at which a picture has ever been knocked down in the auction-room, with one exception only—£23,440 having been paid by the French Government at the Marshal Soult sale in 1852 for Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin." But larger sums than this have frequently been paid by private contract both in England and elsewhere. In London, during the last 15 years, five pictures have been sold on various occasions at sums ranging over £7,000. These were as follows:—1875, Turner's "Grand Canal," £7,350; 1876, Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," £10,605; 1886, Ruben's "Venus and Adonis," £7,200; 1887, Gainsborough's "The Sisters," £9,975; and 1887, Boucher's "Madame de Pompadour," £10,395—this last-named work being purchased for the Rothschilds at the Lonsdale sale. Eleven works have been knocked down for between £6,000 and £7,000 each, including two Turners, two Landseers, and one each of Claude Lorraine, Carlo Dolci, Velasquez, Meissonier, Greuze, Gainsborough, and Edwin Long. Twelve have fetched between £5,000 and £6,000 each; and these comprised four Turners, four Landseers, two Rubens, and one each of Millais and Rosa Bonheur.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The 32nd annual report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery is just published. The report takes us up to the end of June last. The trustees obtain the pictures by donation or purchase, and in each of these ways some interesting additions have been made to the Gallery in the course of a year. Up to June, 1888, the numbers of donations had been 438, and this has been increased by 14 portraits, among which are those of the following historical characters:—The Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, painted as a child by Charles Jervas; the Countess of Sutherland, daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, these two were presented by the Earl of Chichester; William Cowper, the poet, drawn by W. Harvey after L. Abbot, presented by the Rev. W. J. Loftie; the Right Hon. John Bright, the well-known picture by Mr. Oules, R.A., presented by Mr. Leopold Salomons; and two of Mary Queen of Scots, one taken at the period of her marriage with the Dauphin in 1558, and the other when she was wearing mourning for him in 1560, both were taken from life by Janet, and have been photographed by Braun, and both have been presented by Mr. G. Scharf, C.B. To the 420 portraits acquired by purchase, seven have been added. The first is a group of portraits representing the Court of Chancery, as held in Westminster Hall during the reign of George I. This contains portraits of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, Sir Philip Yorke (afterwards Lord Chancellor Hardwicke), and Sir Thomas Pengelly (afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer), and nearly 60 others. This picture, the work of a deaf and dumb artist, Benjamin Ferrers, was purchased for £115 10s. Lord Macclesfield is also represented in another painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Kneller's portrait of the famous Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, is also added to the collection at a cost of £94 10s. Two men more notorious for their loyalty to Charles II. than for their own virtues have also found their places on the walls of the Gallery. The portrait of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, painted by W. Wissing, was purchased for 50 guineas. Thomas Chiffinch is better known from Scott's sketch of him in "Peveril of the Peak" than from the pages of history, but he held many more honourable posts than that of Page of the Back Stairs to the King, and was deemed worthy of a burial in Poet's Corner. This portrait, which is by M. Wright, cost £40. Clarendon's second son, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, is also represented by the hand of Kneller. This cost the same sum as Chiffinch's. Up to 1885 the number of visitors to the Gallery was 1,493,365. In that year the Gallery

was removed from South Kensington to Bethnal-green, and there are no means of knowing how many visitors go exclusively to see the portraits. The trustees conclude their report with the expression of satisfaction that by the generosity of an anonymous donor the portraits will now be located in a building worthy of the collection.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONVENTION.—The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom opened the London meeting at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 19th ult., and a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The association has held three previous meetings—at Derby, Glasgow, and Birmingham, and has had on each occasion increased attention bestowed upon it. The chief functions at the London meeting were the opening of an exhibition of apparatus and pictures, and the delivery of the presidential address. The great hall was filled with a remarkably interesting collection of photographic appliances and specimens of high class work, and the exhibits of about a score of the leading firms in photography were very attractive. The convention was one of professional and amateur photographers, and the proceedings included the reading of papers, displays with optical lanterns, and various excursions. Mr. Andrew Pringle, the president for the year, delivered his inaugural address before a large audience. He said the present year was the 50th of practical photography, and traced its history of the art from its birth to its jubilee. At the present time there were over 90 photographic societies in the United Kingdom. Almost exactly 50 years ago Daguerre's process was fully divulged to the Académie des Sciences in Paris, while at the same time Faraday described to the Royal Institution Fox Talbot's process of photogenic drawing. The president then traced the history of the process during the last 50 years, and noticed the various improvements made. A shortcoming of photography, he said, if possible more serious than want of permanence, had been incorrect translation into monotone of certain colours. Colours found in nature and in paintings giving effects of brightness to the eye were rendered by ordinary photography as dark, while certain colours more or less sombre to the eye in nature, and used as low tones by painters, were represented by ordinary photography as high lights. While scientific photography had made astounding advances during the past 50 years, artistic photography had hardly progressed in the same ratio. The average of artistic production had advanced, however, just as the average of technique. In conclusion, the speaker remarked that surely the resources of photographers were wide enough. Whatever the eye could see, aided or unaided, photography enabled us to depict, and much that the eye could not see photography would catch. Photography linked together the past, the present, and the future; the absent with the present, the dead with the living. Art, or portraiture, was 50 years ago for the prince or the plutocrat, but it was now for all. This was not a small matter that photography had accomplished. What science was there that could dispense with photography? Certainly no practical science. The astronomer needed it, the mechanic needed it, the microscopist called on it, the physiologist and the pathologist appealed to it for help. The artist had learned many lessons from it, and would learn more. Truly, the influence and the use of photography were universal.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

There are persons who criticize in a cold and unfeeling manner those who are trying to do the very things which they have themselves refused to attempt. They do not see that with all the blunders and failures he can make, he is far nobler than they who assume to know better, yet refuse, through indolence or pride, to put forth a single effort in the matter. His feeblest attempts ought rather to fill them with shame and humiliation that they have fallen so far behind him.

ACKNOWLEDGING FAULTS.—There is one means of preserving peace, harmony, and good-will in our social relations which, although very simple, very just, and manifestly very effective, is perhaps more frequently shunned and disliked than any other. It is the frank admission of having been in the wrong. Nothing so quickly disarms resentment, calms irritation, melts away cold displeasure, turns anger into tenderness, and changes a defiant attitude to one of sympathy as this candid confession; and yet few words are more rarely uttered. The simple avowal of the truth, without excuse or palliation—"I was wrong," or "I was mistaken," or "I regret having said or done as I did"—is worth a thousand elaborate attempts at explanation, which are generally disbelieved, unaccepted, and give rise to argument instead of reconciliation.

And how can the soul progress save through the cultivation of virtue and self-mastery? What other way is there? There is none! We may say with confidence then, that we are placed here to increase in knowledge and virtue. This is the core of all religion, and this much needs no faith in the acceptance. It is true and as capable of proof as one of our exercises in Euclid. On this common ground men have raised many different buildings. Christianity, the creed of Mohammed, the creed of the Easterns, have all the same essence. The difference lies in the forms and details. Let every day, every hour, be spent in furthering the Creator's end, and—in getting out whatever power for good there is in you. What is pain or work or trouble? The cloud that passes over the sun. But the result of work well done is everything. It is eternal. It lives and waxes stronger through the centuries. Pause not for rest. The rest will come when the hour of work is past.

Humorous

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.—He: And now, dear, since we are safe on the train, why do you seem so sad? She (pettishly): We were not even chased, I don't think it was one bit romantic.

How old are you, Tommy? Nine when I am on my feet, and six when I stand on my head. That's funny. How do you make it? Why, if you stand a 9 on its head, it's a 6 isn't it?

THERE will never be anything like morality in this world until a law is passed compelling amateur anglers to have their fish weighed by regularly appointed scalers of weights and measures.

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the door step. "It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know."

LADY (putting her head out of the car window): Conductor, is smoking allowed in this car? Conductor (courteously): If the gentlemen inside don't object, madame, you may smoke as much as you please.

PENELOPE PEACHBLOW: It is evident that woman over there paints. Bishop Gullein: She is my sister. Penelope Peachblow: I was going to say it is evident she paints from the interest she takes in that young artist.

FATHER: Robby, are you too lame and tired to walk a mile and a half to the circus? Robby: No, indeed, father. Father: Well, then, you will go out in the yard and run the lawn-mower until bed time. I've no circus money this year.

LADY: Where's the lobster? Biddy: Sure, mum, I put him in the pot, and when I went out somebody changed him for another. Mine was green, and the one I found was red. I thought yez moight be pizened, so chucked him in the strate.

HOUSEMAID: There is a gentleman down stairs, ma'am, who is almost pulling the bell out and says he wants the key to the fire-alarm box. Mistress (rushing to the mirror): Ask him to send up his card, and tell him I will be down in a few minutes.

MISTRESS (a very kind-hearted one): Did you down the kittens as I directed, Marie? Marie: Oui, madame. Did you warm the water? Non, madame. What? Do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl.

JUDGE: You are a freeholder. Prospective jurymen: Yes, sir. Judge: Married or single? Prospective jurymen: Married three years ago last month. Judge: Have you formed or expressed any opinion? Prospective jurymen: Not since I was married three years ago.

BEN WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—The Duke of B——, overhearing someone at his door announce himself as Ben Jonson, stepped forward to meet him, but suddenly paused and exclaimed: "You Ben Jonson? Why you look as if you could not say 'Bo!' to a goose." "Bo!" instantly retorted Ben.

OFFICER (inspecting the ranks, sergeant-major following): Private Atkins hasn't shaved this morning, sergeant-major. Sergeant-major: He is going to let his beard grow, sir. Officer: I can't have men coming on parade like this. Any man wanting to grow a beard must do it in his own time and not on parade.

GRADUATE (to critic, who has been looking over his essay): What do you think of it? Critic: Well the first time I read it I was favourably impressed; the second time less so, and after the third perusal I put it down as bosh. Graduate: That's all right, then. I've only got to read it once, you know.

WHEN, some years ago, an old woman in Perthshire had occasion for the first time in her life to make a journey by rail, she hied to the nearest station and demanded a ticket, "First or third?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, a first one," said she, "for I'm in an awfu' hurry, an' wad like to be hame again afore it's dark."

A SHIPWRECKED sealer, returned from South America, was once asked by the managing editor of a scientific journal to prepare a paper for publication on "Human Life in Patagonia. He compiled and sent in his paper, which read as follows: "There is no human life in Patagonia. On the contrary, life is very inhuman."

A DROVER was driving a herd of swine, when at a turn in the road several of them rushed away, and nearly knocked down a masher who happened to be coming in the opposite direction. He went up to the drover and haughtily remarked: "These brutes don't show much respect for a fellow." "No," replied the drover, slyly, "they only respect their equals." The masher seemed rather in a hurry to be off.

WHAT THE BAGPIPES COULD NOT PLAY.—Hintza, the Kaffir chief, had a wooden whistle about five inches long, which, when blown at one end, was the call for his warriors to advance, the other end giving the signal to retire. Being told that the pipes (bagpipes) were played as the men advanced to battle, he inquired how they were played when the soldiers had to run away. "That cannot be played on the bagpipes," he was told. "Then I will give you my whistle," said the generous Hintza.